Pray Robin you are very merry (quoth she)
I wish that your mirth continue
I would not be drowned in sorrow (quoth he)
to injoy any Lords revenue.

Pray Robin quoth Betty, how came you so
to talk at this rate in my hearing, (witty
Why are you so wanton, I count it not pritty
however 'tis better then swearing.

O Betty we have both time and place
to sport for Recreation,
It is but fit that we should imbrace
now kissing is much in fashion,

We know not when we shall meet again
to have such amorous wooing
Then prethy Love put me out of my pain
for methinks I long to be doing.

O fye for shame, sweet Betty said
I vow you are uncivil
To use such language to a Maid
that ne're knew deeds of evil.

Pray Robin he was fully bent
to follow his occasions,
Though Betty cry'd she should be shent
he valued not her perswasions.

He laid her along, upon her back,
and going to pull down his breeches crack
Quoth she do you hear, how my smock doth
I fear you have broken the stitches,

My petticoat I vow in on have torn
as high up as my belly,
I never was so put to before
such fortune never befel me.

Pray Robin he fell on amain
and boldly he did venture,
He pleas'd Betty again, and again,
when he came to touch the center.

He prov'd himself a lusty Lad
when to the Port he sallied,
And when he was quite out of breath
he took his time and Rallied.

I saw this youngster scale the fort
yet loath I was to scare them
I thought if I could make no sport,
be sure that I would marre none.

He took her up, and he saw her blush
as red as any cherry
Quoth he my dear, we're care a rush
for hereafter we'l be merry.

Quoth Betty now I must be gone
my Mother she will miss me,
Thou shalt (said he) my dearest one
but once more let me kiss thee

And so he led his love along
but he no more did mount her,
And I came home to write a song
of this same fair encounter.

Printed for R. Burton at the Horse-shoe in West-smith-field.